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PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

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the

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TO OUR READERS...

The last two issues of the *Diamond* have encountered considerable success judging from the number of compliment-included cards and letters received from our outside readers.

In their letters, our readers mentioned that they noticed a vast improvement in the *Diamond*, which is certainly encouraging to both editor and staff. However, neither editor nor staff can rightfully accept credit for the noticed improvement. Rather, the credit belongs to Lex Schrag whose efforts on behalf of the *Diamond* have been an inspiration to the staff, whose criticism has been honest and not too harsh, yet enough to prod us on to renewed efforts, and whose stories are widely acclaimed by both outside and inside readers.

Credit and appreciation are also owing to Correspondent at Large Michael Kelly who has offered his time, talent, and services to the *Diamond* free of charge, to Clayton Hamlin who sends us scrolls of fiction, to inmate Percy Smith for his interest and ideas, and last but not least, to Warden Fred Smith who has given to the *Diamond* a complete series of articles covering most of the institution departments.

Speaking for myself and the staff, it is a rare privilege to work with such men. It makes the life of the editor not only much easier, but much more interesting.

Captain Mandel

by Lex Schrag

One of the slick magazines devoted to perpetuating The Amurrican Way of life publishes articles by more or less prominent writers about the characters they have the most trouble forgetting. The churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of importance in the eastern vacuity of Metropolitan Toronto, proposes to squeal on the second most memorable party he has known, to wit, Capt. Mandel.

The person who left the greatest imprint on the churl was, of course, his mother. Even though he is in his mid-fifties, the comb occasionally catches in this imprint. In her declining years, the churl's mother found it hurt her hand to deal him a right cross to the jaw, so, one day when he was being unusually obnoxious, she clipped him a juicy one

on the noggin with a saucepan. This made a deep impression on him.

(For the record, it had better be explained that the churl's old man was pretty much a washout. He took off when the churl was three years old, which, all things considered, was a good idea, because he had an aggravating tendency to use his infant son as a punching bag. The churl just wanted to assure his readers he is not illiterate, or whatever the word is.)

It should not be assumed the churl's mother had no affection for him. As a matter of fact, after correcting his behavior with the saucepan, she patched the scalp wound she had made and informed him she had not intended to draw blood.

Although she was a rather frail woman, she had an enormous stock of courage and determination. She managed to drag up the churl from childhood through several severe illnesses to the point where he was comparatively self-supporting. While her history is well worth recounting, the churl has no intention of committing it to paper because it would, by inference, disclose what a useless, backward lout he was (and probably still is). It is much safer for him to rat on Capt. Mandel. At least, he has had the decency to give the captain an alias.

In 1941, the churl answered the call to arms. He was earning \$175 a week as a reporter-photographer, and was being paid \$27. He had heard the Canadian Army chow was plentiful and reasonably palatable. He enlisted in the Monkey-Wrench Dragoons and was assigned to the Third Field Regiment thereof. The regiment was commanded by a megalomaniac called Murderin' John who apparently delighted in marching his men to death.

Two of them died of heart attacks in the churl's first two months with the outfit.

Capt. Mandel was in charge of one of the companies. He was a slight, dark type who had been raised in Montreal. The churl quickly formed the opinion that Capt. Mandel was one of the few mitigating factors of his unhappy existence, though the captain was not inclined to be buddy-buddy with the Other Ranks.

The captain had a sense of humor, which the churl never knew him to lose, and little concern with the military formalities.

Unlike Murderin' John and his other minions, Capt. Mandel seemed to believe the enlisted men should know what they were supposed to do, and why. He was a patient and explicit source of information for the churl and such other greenhorns as had the wit to approach him.

He believed in discipline — but as a means of getting the job done rather than as a source of personal aggrandizement. He would go to surprising lengths to bail out some reckless yokel who was in difficulties through his own stupidity. On one occasion he reasoned with a hardboiled motorcyclist for several days in an effort to save the guy from a stretch in the glasshouse.

The motorcyclist got tired of working for a living, took a machine without permission, and disappeared for three days. When he was brought back, he turned stubborn and decided he wanted a court martial rather than a summary trial before the captain. Only after the churl and several of the older types in the company had added their warnings to the captain's did the cyclist give in. The captain fined him two months' pay; if he had gone to court martial, the churl believed, he would have drawn, at least, a couple of months in the digger.

On the other hand, Capt. Mandel was generous with the boys who stayed out of trouble and did as good a day's work as they knew how. In the armed forces, almost everything can be construed as a crime. By some miracle, the churl managed to evade all the more serious charges and put in enough honest toil to keep the captain's head above the sea of paper on which the brass insisted.

The captain rewarded his flabby clerk with occasional trips here, there and elsewhere about the countryside to pick up parts, and gave the churl a remarkably free hand in setting his daily routine. When the company was detached from the rest of the regiment as a brigade service unit, the churl found himself, to his amazement, with his son, separate living quarters and a jeep at his disposal for the conduct of unit business.

Capt. Mandel was no Hercules but he pitched in and worked in the mud alongside his men when they had a tough job on their hands. He could do most of the mechanical jobs for which they were trained better than they could, but he never ran off at the mouth about his abilities. He was, in addition, a damned good soldier, though he made one mistake which nearly caused his abrupt demise.

On a night training scheme, the churl was given charge of an alleged machinegun post. Contrary to the management's expectations, the churl remained awake. Having no machinegun with which to defend himself from an imaginary enemy, the churl made good and ready with fixed bayonet. Capt. Mandel tried to sneak the post, and drove off the parapet squarely on the churl's blade.

Fortunately, the churl identified his attacker in sufficient time to slam his gears into reverse. The captain escaped with no more than a badly punctured gas mask — and a few acid comments from the churl on his damn-foolishness, which he took without protest. The churl wisely refrained from remarking that if it had been any other officer, he wouldn't have been so likely to back-pedal.

Finally, the captain got word he would soon be moved to a more important post. He took the churl aside and broke the news, with the delicate implication that his successor in command of the company might not be so tolerant of churls. The churl, he suggested, could escape if he became a candidate for an officer-cadet training course.

"Hell," frowned the churl, "I know sweet damn-all about mathematics; I couldn't pass the entrance examinations."

"Look," said the captain, "if you want to give it a try, I'll teach you enough algebra and geometry that you can get by."

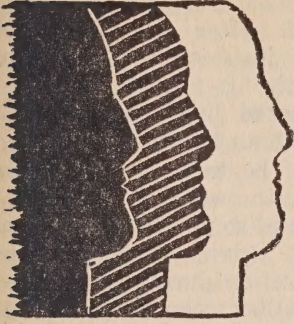
For six weeks, in off-duty hours, the captain pounded mathematics into the churl's thick skull. When the churl burst into profanity because he couldn't grasp the principles he was being shown, the captain showed no indignation or resentment.

"Now, wait!" he would say, "There's no use cursing about it. Let's go back and do it over again; maybe you can figure it out if you try again."

Capt. Mandel, in the churl's estimation, was a fine and capable man; one who could discover concealed personalities in the most unlikely creatures. The churl feels that the measure of the captain's ability was demonstrated in the fact that, when the entrance examinations were held, the churl managed to make a better score than two college graduates from the regiment's headquarters.

It is, in fact, the churl's belief that if the country had a few thousand more Capt. Mandels, there wouldn't be so many guests of Her Majesty in such institutions as Collin's Bay.

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES



PROFILE

Albert, the Diamond's Profile personality for this month, unlike the majority of his predecessors, cannot visualize anyone having a happier childhood than him. His childhood, he declares, was so happy in fact that he would return to it right now if only he could. His early years, according to his testimony, were replete with the necessary ingredients of happiness—love and attention—and he was presented with an abundance of colourful toys and games which, although not excessively expensive, were the best that his father could afford, and as good as Albert wanted or needed.

Albert's father was a salesman, and had worked with the same firm for twelve years. He was paid on a salary basis, and brought home a good cheque every week. There was nothing wanting in Albert's family.

Albert and his father were very close. His father gave his full attention to the boy, and Albert can remember his father playing games with him; games like piggy-back, soldiers, and miniature bowling. And at night before he went to bed, his father would read to him from story books. On the weekends,

THE SEVENTH IN A SERIES

by

The Editorial Staff

his father would take him to baseball, football, or hockey games, and he would explain the different games and plays to Albert.

Albert's mother was also attentive to him, especially in the years before he was enrolled in school. She let him go out and play with the neighbourhood children, and when he came in from play she would wash him, feed him, and sometimes read to him.

At the age of five Albert started to school. He was outfitted with all new clothes for the occasion, and was escorted to the local school by his mother. Albert thought of school as an adventure and he liked it very much. Even in his kindergarten year, he found the top of the class.

After kindergarten, in grades one, two, and three, Albert was always very near to the top of the class, and after grade three, there was none to contest his first place standing. The teachers marvelled at his ability, and he became more or less the teacher's pet. Albert was promoted from grade five to grade seven, skipping six, and after that he went to grade eight. Captured first class honours and the top place in the class. He was twelve when he graduated from elementary school.

Albert liked Secondary School as much as he liked Grade School. He listened to the teachers, worked hard, and, just as in Grade School, stood first in his class. By this time, Albert was very seriously thinking of someday becoming a doctor. It sort of scared him when he looked ahead at all the study and work that would be ahead of him, but he had his mind set.

Just prior to his thirteenth birthday, however, something happened that was to alter the course of Albert's life im-

mensely. His father died, or rather was killed in an automobile crash. Shock and sorrow filled his home, his mother, and himself. After the funeral, his mother was insistent that he should continue with his studies, and so he did. He worked hard at his studies, even harder than he did previously. It seemed as if he were trying to prove something to the world. As he says, he was angry, and some strange force was behind him, driving him. If Albert missed a question during a test or examination, he became sick to his stomach. He does not know why. It was just that way.

Within several weeks of his father's death, Albert applied for and received an after school job in a grocery store. He worked in this store as part-time clerk, and delivery boy. It was not really a good job, but neither was it a bad one. It served its purpose, which was to help him purchase books, and contribute to the upkeep of his home. The job lasted for almost three years.

When Albert turned sixteen, he and his mother had a long, serious, and somewhat painful talk. His mother told him that, although she would like to see him continue school, there was not sufficient funds, either to support his scholastic pursuits, or themselves. This revelation came as quite a shock to Albert, but his mother left the decision up to him. Albert decided to go out into the world and work to support himself and his mother.

The first position that Albert applied for was that of shipping clerk for a large retail warehouse. He was given a warm reception here, and told to come back in one week's time. This he did, and found himself with a job. The job paid forty dollars a week which, al-

though not as much as he would have liked, was better than nothing and would be enough to support his home. After several weeks of working, Albert found that there was little or nothing left of forty dollars which he brought home every week. When the grocery bill and the rent had been paid, there was only travelling expenses left; enough to get him to his job and back. As a result of this, Albert came to place great importance upon money. He saw other young people, some of whom he had gone to school with, going out at nights and on the weekends, to dances, theatres, and parties. Albert stayed home, and continued his studies. He felt a little jealous of the other people; that they should be so fortunate and be able to enjoy life, while he could not really even enjoy the fruits of his work. He tried to console himself with the thought that he was doing the right thing.

At the warehouse there were eight other men working in the same department. Most of these men minded their own business and did their own work. Occasionally they joked with Albert, and sometimes they helped him. One day, one of the men proposed to Albert that they steal some merchandise. The man told Albert that he knew where he could sell it and that there would be no questions asked. The man said that there would be no trouble, but that they stood a chance of making some extra money. The man argued that it wasn't really stealing. They deserved it, he said. Besides, he declared, everyone else did it to make up for the low wages. Finally Albert was convinced. He agreed to help the man to steal a carton of nylon stockings. Together they loaded the carton in the man's car.

They got away and it all seemed very easy. For his part in the theft, Albert received fifty dollars which was more than he made in a whole week. When he got home he felt guilty but he used the man's argument about low wages to convince himself that he had not really done wrong.

The following day at the warehouse everything proceeded as usual. No one seemed to have noticed that the carton of stocking's were missing, which was something Albert feared. Albert did not see the man that day, nor did he see him the next. Several days later, however, the man approached Albert again. They agreed to steal more stock. The man suggested that he and Albert should become regular partners, and Allen agreed to this proposal, not really knowing what it entailed.

For several months the two partners continued their illegal dealings. They continued to earn modest sums for their work, never taking too much because they knew it would be missed and an investigation started. Allen thought that this business could go on forever.

Allen was wrong. One evening after work when they were carrying a case of angora sweaters down the service stairs, they were apprehended by two police officers. They were immediately transferred to the police station where they were questioned about other items that had been missing from the warehouse. It seemed that once the owner had missed some of what they had taken, and had called the police. This, of course, was all unknown to the partners. Co-operating with the owner, the police had agreed to watch the warehouse for several days.

In the police station, Albert was frightened, worried, and ashamed. The other man did not seem to mind the proceedings at all. The next morning, both men were taken into a court room. They both pleaded guilty before a magistrate, and both were given suspended sentences. After court, Albert went directly home. He locked himself in his room while the shame clouded about him and waved over him. His mother, if she knew anything, did not mention it. Of this Albert was glad.

For several days Albert remained at home. He was afraid and ashamed to walk out into the world. He felt unclean.

Soon however, Albert met his partner. His partner talked him into trying to get another job of the same nature so they could continue their illicit dealings. However, they both agreed, until they could get another job, they would need money. Albert's partner had several ideas about getting it.

Their first move was that of following delivery trucks, waiting for them to park, and then lifting some of the merchandise from the back of the truck. This they sold to the same agent who had accepted the other stolen property. According to Albert, this was a profitable business, but extremely nerve-racking. Both were nervous a great deal of the time, and they frequently had arguments that almost ended in fights.

One day when Albert became cranky and complainant, his partner made a suggestion. *Why not go for the big one?* The man then made the plan. He said that he knew of a nice little hotel that was just waiting to be robbed. He told Albert that it would be easy. He could get the guns with no trouble at all, and

the rest was just a matter of walking into the hotel and taking the money. Albert was uneasy. It was a dangerous scheme, he argued. It was criminal.

The partner told him that there was no danger. Most people fainted when a real gun was pointed at them, he said. And, he continued, if they got the money, neither one of them would have to steal again. After this one big one, they could quit and settle down.

Albert thought of all the nice things he could get for his mother, and he thought of returning to school. Suddenly Albert liked the idea.

All the plans were made. The man would use his own car. They had the guns. On a Friday afternoon they drove up to the hotel, parked the car outside, and both entered with guns drawn. They had the manager parcel the money up in a paper bag, locked him in a closet, and then ran for their car. They made the car all right, and zoomed off down the street.

About a mile and a quarter along the street, when they stopped at a red light, a police cruiser screeched to a halt beside them, and four uniformed policemen with drawn guns jumped from the car. They pulled Albert and his partner from their car, and flung them violently into the cruiser, disarming them along the route.

Allen's partner, because he was a decade older, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. Allen was sentenced to five.

He has almost two full years served now, and he thinks he has a chance for a parole. He has studied while here, and is determined to continue his studies when he is released.

Albert has a job waiting for him, and he has his mother.

CLASSIFICATION



by

Warden Fredo Smith

The key to effective institutional correction is Classification. With the increasing complexity of operating a treatment orientated institution, there must be group decisions, and the major device now being used is the Classification Board. It is here that custodial, trades training, production, and treatment staffs meet together so that the needs of the inmates and the needs of the institution can be tied together to the advantage of all concerned.

Classification is primarily a method by which we learn as much as possible about a person so that we can help him to become a more useful and law-abiding citizen. It assures co-ordination in diagnosis, training and treatment throughout the correctional process. It is not in itself treatment and training; it is a process through which training and treatment can be applied effectively in the individual case. It is the pooling of all relevant knowledge about a person

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WARDEN SMITH
SUBMITS A
REPORT ON
FUNCTIONS OF
CLASSIFICATION
DEPARTMENT AT
COLLIN'S BAY

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so that all important decisions and activities affecting that person can be co-ordinated and directed toward a desired goal for the good of all concerned.

Today it is recognized that inmates are individuals representing variations in personality, intelligence, skills, aptitudes, mentality, and stability. Therefore, the key-note in the Penitentiary Service is individual treatment. Each inmate is to be regarded as an individual, in need of varying degrees or restraint, treatment, and supervision. Hence, the ultimate objective of rehabilitation and reformation can be achiev-

ed only by studying each inmate as an individual and treating him in accordance with his specific needs, so that he may eventually assume the responsibilities of citizenship.

Classification Policy originates in the Office of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries and it is the duty of the Classification Officer and his staff to implement this policy. The emphasis is on treatment and since the basis of treatment is diagnosis, the professional staff — Classification and psychological services — together with medical and psychiatric services will carry out this function. The objective is to arrive at a treatment plan for the individual and the means to obtain the objective are:

- a) Use of all diagnostic techniques, social, psychological, medical, educational.
- b) Treatment and training program evolved in staff conference. To be revised when indicated and with the changing needs of the inmate.
- c) Correlation of program with parole plans, when feasible.

Since Collin's Bay Penitentiary is not a receiving institution, phase (1), which is the preparation of Case History and the Psychological Assessment is completed in most cases at Kingston Penitentiary. Phase (2) starts with the Area Selection Board and is continued in the Classification Board of Collin's Bay Penitentiary. Phase (3) is Initiation of Treatment, (4) Re-classification and (5) Pre-parole are the responsibilities of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

The Classification Department is responsible for:

- a) phase 1
- b) Presentation of summary of each case to the Classification Board and the reports of the regular Classification Board meetings in phase 2. (Special Classification Boards such as the Vocational Selection Board will be the responsibility of other sectional heads.
- c) Preparation of Reclassification and Progress Reports in phase 4.
- d) Collaboration with Assistant Deputy Warden; Treatment and Training in preparing the report to the National Parole Service.
- e) PreRelease Report.
- f) Newcomer interviews (prepare Case History if not completed prior to transfer.)
- g) Reclassification and/or Progress Reports.
- h) Special Report for National Parole Service.
- i) Counselling.
- j) Liason with Prisoner's Aid Societies, other after-care agencies and National Parole Service.
- k) Pre-release report and release planning.
- l) Liason with Social Agencies, Legal Aid, D.V.A., etc.
- m) Special Reports for Commissioner, Warden, physician, psychiatrist, and Area Selection Board.
- n) Sponsorship of Alcoholics Anonymous and Supervision of the A.A. group activities in-

cluding editing the "Vision" publication.

- o) In-Service Training instruction and on request lecture at the Correctional Staff College.
- p) Interview inmates: 1) at their request ii) at the request of the staff.
- q) Interview relatives, friends, and employers of inmates.
- r) Psychological testing of inmates and officer applicants if tests used are within the scope of training and experience of the Classification Officer.
- s) Interpret the aims and program of the institution to visitors whose interests are in the field of corrections.

Any of the above duties may be delegated to the Classification Officers and Classification Assistants on the staff. Those duties which deal directly with the inmate, such as interviews, report writing, etc., are now the normal duties of all Classification Officers and Assistants. Interviews of a routine nature may be delegated to the Senior Clerks of the Classification Department.

The Classification Department is the clearing house for all reports on the individual inmate. From the various reports received, the classification Officer or his assistants are expected to integrate valuable information which will be used in the training and treatment and pre-release planning of the individual inmate. The Classification Reports will be good reports only if the Classification Officer has all the information which can be made available from the section heads and the individual instructors and officers.

PUBLIC ATTITUDES

Editor's Note: In this second installment of his three part series, author Michael Kelly continues to report his findings on the attitudes and opinions held by individuals within the social tissue about the ex-convict. The basic questions asked by Mr. Kelly were, "Would you consider hiring an ex-convict?", and, "Would you object to working with an ex-convict, living beside or by him, or seeing him attend your church?" Following are some of the replies received.

as

SOCIETY sees

the EX-CONVICT

by

Michael Kelly.

MANAGER OF A LUMBER YARD,
GRADE 12, AGE 32.

He would hire a man with a prison record but not if it indicated continual criminal activity. However, he thought that only a nut would reveal a record when job hunting. He, as a responsible citizen, believed that rehabilitation was as much to society's advantage as to the recipient. He would not object to any ex-con as a neighbor, in his own words "what right would I have any-way?"

THREE EMPLOYEES IN THIS
LUMBER YARD. ONE SHIPPER
AND TWO DRIVERS, ALL IN 30's.

The shipper stated that any ex-con would receive a cold to rough time. The other two agreed. But, in discussing this further, they all admitted that, if a man worked well and was a decent sort and then a past was revealed, he would be accepted on a continuing friendly basis.

BUILDING CONTRACTOR, FAIR EDUCATION BUT RELUCTANT TO DISCUSS IT, AGE 60.

He wouldn't hold a man's indiscretions against him if it was due to misfortune. In our conversation I received the impression that misfortune included close scrutiny by income tax snoops, attentions from bankruptcy inspectors and enquiries on political bribery. As to misfortunes of common criminals, these were inexcusable as they stemmed from sloth, greed, irresponsibility and ignorance.

FARMING COUPLE, HE HAS GRADE 10 AND IS 72 YEARS OLD, SHE HAS GRADE 12 AND IS 68.

Considering their age bracket these two persons received adequate schooling. However, it certainly hasn't liberalized their views. They were quite definite that they would not neighbor with any ex-con family nor with any other neighbor who did. In this I think you are hearing a majority report of district sentiment.

Reminding them of the many home boys who had lived on their farm in past years, I asked if some of these might not have had fathers in prison and yet the sons turned out as good citizens. As this was only supposition on my part it was dismissed as having no bearing.

The subject was abruptly, I thought, changed. She exclaimed to my wife, "Some one has been stealing the sacramental wine at our church." Further conversation indicated that the minister would trap the thieves as he had before, with the aid of a pharmacist he would add a chemical which would leave a

purple stain on the tongue of the illicit drinker. Spiking the wine was legitimate if the cause was good apparently.

"Who do you think they caught the last time?" had me answering, hoping only to prove what a sleuth I was, "The Parson?"

I was squelched by my wife's, "It couldn't be him, you stupid, the minister would quit his swigging once the drink was doped."

No, it had been two boys of another denomination. Sentence? Regular attendance at Sunday School for a year.

After cakes and tea, my wife and I departed.

I said, "When they come to dinner on Sunday, will you bake a blueberry pie?"

"They aren't coming till the next Sunday but I'll bake your pie. Would you really prefer blueberry?"

"No," I concluded, "I'll wait until they come to dinner. Blueberry will be fine, well, you can make it boysenberry or mulberry, they all leave a dandy purplish stain on the lips of the consumer."

FARMER, GRADE 7 AGED 65

He didn't think an ex-con had much hope of redemption. I queried how he could reconcile this view with his wife's efforts in soliciting funds for foreign missions to bring Christianity to unbelievers. Why not spread charity a little closer to home.

Patiently and at length, he explained that, just as those who could not accept the Saviour on the occasion of his earthly existence became a doomed race, all criminals had thrown away their right to be treated as being worthy of

salvation. I never had a Sunday School superintendent like him when I was a kid.

*TEACHER OF GRADE 6 IN A
PUBLIC CHOOOL, UNMARRIED,
AGED 25*

She didn't expect to ever associate with any ex-cons as teachers and doubted that when married and established in her own home, she would have such as neighbors. I questioned if she considered educators were doing enough to prevent youth from turning to crime and she replied that teachers should not be expected to do everything. I asked what her advice would be to a little girl who said that the man next door was an ex-con. "I'd tell her to have nothing to do with the man."

"Fine" I continued, "and if a little girl confided that her own father was an ex-con?"

This set her to thinking and answerless, I left her to her meditations.

*SHOE RERAIRER, AGED 60, BORN
IN WHAT IS NOW YUGO-SLAVIA,
IN CANADA 40 YEARS.*

Having lived in the north woods for many years of his working life, he has seen lots of rough living. He thought that most ex-cons deserved what they got but equally strongly felt they should have every chance available for a normal life after coming out of penitentiary.

As he has one crippled leg due to a woods mishap which brought about his change of occupation, he had me agreeing that all cripples should not be judged by the actions or attitudes of a few of their number and that the re-

formation of ex-cons suffered because the public saw only the headlined reports of those who put no desire or effort into an attempt at self-reclamation.

He'd take an ex-con as a helper if he ever got busy enough, as a neighbor that would be O.K. but he thought an ex-con might live down his past easier if he didn't advertise it.

*SUPERMARKET CASHIER, 35,
MARRIED TO A FACTORY WORK-
ER. THEY HAVE TWO BOYS.*

She thought that ex-cons should be welcomed to jobs, accepted as neighbors and, as with all new acquaintances, accorded friendship on the basis of mutual interests. She was quite interested in my opinions, for whatever they might be worth, on the steps that lead to crime. Her interest was personal as her older son, aged 9, seems to be turning from childish mischief to trouble-making delinquency.

*CARPENTER — BORN IN HOL-
LAND, HAS BEEN IN CANADA 14
YEARS, IS 31 YEARS OLD.*

Several years ago he worked for a construction company whose owner seemed to give ex-cons a break. They usually worked as labourers and received the standard going rate. He found them no different from other workers, some seemed to voluntarily drift back to crime and he wondered if ex-cons would have difficulty in holding steady jobs where an employer resented the interruptive attentions of police officers.

Queried on the usual carpenter difficulty of protecting tools, he recalled

that he had lost no major tools in three seasons spent with the company and minor losses, such as nail punches, bits, etc, might well be laid to his own careless handling.

He'd work with an ex-con any day and, if he ever became an employer, wouldn't let a criminal past overshadow a man's chance to go straight .

MANAGER (WHEN OWNER ISN'T PRESENT) OF RETAIL STORE. GRADE 11, AGE 33.

If he owned the store he would not employ an ex-con but, if he were to set up a business where temptation was at a minimum he would hire ex-cons. He thought it would be just as unfair to an ex-con (newly released) to let him work with money and merchandise as it would be for him to offer or have available liquor when his brother-in-law (a controlled alcoholic) visited. He expressed the belief that an ex-con was

behind the 8-ball but compared it to an immigrants language handicap, it could be overcome. He suggested the ex-con might take a leaf from the immigrant's book and overcome difficulty or prejudice and win friends by a good display of more-than-normal work.

VARIETY STORE PROPRIETOR, GRADE 12, AGED 42.

As his staff consists of three female clerks, the idea of an ex-con employee needn't be discussed but as neighbor or friend one would be treated as anyone else. We discussed the opportunities for instruction for inmates and he suggested that education should be picked up by ex-cons before they left the penal institutions. Surely, claimed he, if a man spent five years inside and didn't show any inclination to better his job possibilities, he wasn't presenting a hopeful picture.

(To be Continued)

* * * *

BITS OF WISDOM

Why slander we the times?

What crimes

Have days and years, that we

Thus charge them with iniquity?

If we would rightly scan,

It's not the times are bad, but man.

Dr. J. Beaumont

The only completely consistent people are the dead.

Aldous Huxley

H A R D T I M E

Every man in prison, now or at any time, has experienced what is commonly referred to as *hard time*. This, in essence, is a period of raw uneasiness, of nervous tension, of fear or uncertainty, or a time when the conscience rejects or flouts the man to whom it belongs. There is not a man among the world of prisoners who, having felt the heavy door shutting him into himself at night with the lonely crash or thud, has been spared the periodic case of *hard time* which in their minds, stretches hours into days, and days and weeks into decades. This bitter sensation can be motivated by a thousand different things, for a thousand different reasons,

and under a thousand different conditions. Man and his problems are peculiar. *Hard time* can be motivated by regret, hatred, anger, the perplexing accumulation of wasted hours, a rejection, or a disturbing letter from home. All these things play at the man's mind and during such time, the man will usually desire to remain aloof, or, if the disease is in its advanced stage, he will lash out angrily at his comrades, at the custodial officials, at his family, at society, and at the world. He will lash out at himself. Everything will seem antagonistic to him during this spasm of innate futility, and at such a time it will require a great effort for the man to smile or part his lips to impart the few words of customary and expected greeting to a friend.

During this period of hard time, which might last a day or an eternity, the man will experience an ignoble and ravenous hollow of body, mind, and soul. This hunger will tear at the roots of his life, making him to feel like vegetable substance, yet, when he eats, the food will seem insufficient, for the hollow and the hunger are situated higher along the abdominal passage than is the intestine. It is in the vicinity of the breast, and it seems, at times, to be hidden deep, deep inside the body, while at other times it seems to be barely scratching the surface, immediately beneath the skin.

The incarcerated are all subject to hard time, being, on a whole, the most emotional group in the world. No two minds react the same to confinement, but sooner or later during a period of confinement, the man will awaken into the nightmare which is hard time. Small things that were once taken for

granted might assume in the man's mind, an imaginary value that is out of all proportion with its virtual value. This nightmare which is *Hard Time*, usually caused by conditions which are completely beyond the inmate's control, are normal. They are part of the price that the inmate pays for a number; a price that in some cases is paid with usurious interest.

Living in prison is not, as many people would think, an experience, it is a job; which sometimes takes on immense proportions. Generally, the first six months of confinement are the most difficult and most crucial because of the sudden change, and the need for a swift adjustment into a completely alien environment; one which has its own code of laws and ethics, its own unique rules etc. During these first months, one faces several mental barriers, undergoes mental tensions that will reflect upon and effect his entire future. The hundreds of ifs, buts, and regrets, the stunned bewilderment and sense of unreality behind the bars which might encage him for years, and the painful, conscience-stricken moments, give him a hard, heavy, and sometimes overwhelming job to handle.

What then is the solution to the problem? Read, dream, drift off into oneself, seek idleness, or fight the hollow; the scourge? No. There is no pattern for eradicating this disease. There are suggestions that might help, but there is no sure cure because of the basic fact that all men are unique and entities unto themselves. Ask the inmate for the cure, and he will tell you jokingly that the only cure is freedom. He is not too far from wrong.

Let us consider the problem: if the man gives in to self-pity, he is asking

for an abundance of misery to be added to what is already his. If he turns cynic or becomes actively anti-social, his time may not seem as hard, but he will have much more of it to do. If the man lives entirely within himself; regretting, he knows not what, scouring his mind for the reason to his plight, seeking out the intangible causes that he will never find; then he is not only to do hard time, but also useless time.

The cronic hard-timer is polluted with "I" and "ME". His every thought is concerned with nought else but his own misery. Every night he totals his woes, piling torture upon distress, and to him, the troubles of others are just negligible compared with his own.

Until the man arises from this self-sealed tomb and begins to look around him, to see and feel and participate in the activities of his own community and of the world, until he begins to discover the good qualities in others, and until he begins to take an interest in things external to himself, he will plague himself with misfortune, appear in a constant state of torture, toss sleeplessly at nights, and find fault with others for no apparent reason.

As the misfortunate "I" and "ME" begin to leave his cranial cavity, then, in proportion, his chin and chest are likely to ascend, his spirits soar, and the long-forgotten curvature of the lips will get a much needed opportunity to break through the bleakness, and the man concerned will begin to realize that hard time only makes harder time, and represents a loss to himself, to his friends, and to his future.

There is an old prison adage which states: A judge can sentence you to hard labour, but only you can add to this the penance of hard time.

H
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"Me slept with me daddy last night," said the small child to the kindergarten teacher who was a strong believer in proper diction, even by youngsters.

"I slept with daddy last night," the teacher corrected with emphasis.

"Then," the child chortled, "you must have come in after I was asleep."

The warden in a prison was away visiting one of his branch units when a building at the main prison caught fire. Penitentiary officials, feeling that he should be informed, called him on the phone.

"How did it start?" inquired the Warden.

"So far as we know," said the official, "it must have been started by spontaneous combustion."

"Put him in the hole," roared the warden. "I'll take care of him when I get back."

A young fellow with a problem was advised that he should visit a psychiatrist for assistance.

"My family made me come to see you," said the young man.

"Why?" asked the doctor.

"It's because I prefer cotten socks to woollen ones."

"That's no reason for sending you to see me," said the doctor, "I prefer cotton socks, too."

Upon hearing this, the young man beamed. "I'm glad to hear that, doc! Tell me, how do you like them; with oil and vinegar or just a squeeze of lemon?"

The woman, speaking on the telephone asked, "is my husband at the club?"

"No maam" replied the waiter.

"But," cried the woman, "I haven't even told you who I am."

"This crime was the work of a master criminal," roared the prosecutor, "and was carried out in an extremely clever and skillful manner."

Blushing, the felon rose to his feet and roared back, "Flattery ain't gonna get you nowhere. I still ain't gonna confess."

"Mama, can angels fly?"

"Yes dear."

"Daddy told the nurse she was an angel. When will she fly, mama?"

"Tomorrow, dear."

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*Authentic
notes
from
inmates
to
editor*

Editor of the Diamond:

What time do we get up in the morning?

Editor: 6.30 a.m.

Editor of the Diamond:

Would you please tell the whistler on 1-D to stop whistling.

Editor: *Whistler on 1-D, will you please stop whistling?*

Editor:

Why don't you put more sports in the Diamond. I like sports and I like to read about them. So do a lot of others I know. If you don't put more sports in it, a lot of us aren't going to read it anymore.

Editor: *Just sign your name to the next note, with your cell location, and we'll make sure that you don't get anymore.*

Editor:

I would like you to write an article about dogs for me. They are man's best friends and I own some of them; four to be exact. They never bother anyone and have never bitten anyone. I like dogs. Would you please do this for me?

Editor: *No thanks!*

Editor:

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Can you help me make my parole please. I have all the papers and have written the names and addresses of all my friends and relatives down, so it won't take much time.

Editor: *I'm not worried about time so much, but I don't think I can help you much to tell you the truth. My advice is to write it in your own words, to say just what you mean. If you feel you can't do it properly; see your classification officer.*

Dear Editor to the Diamond of Collin's Bay:

My girl friend has not written to me for over a month almost now, What would you tell me to do?

Editor: *Send her pen,paper, envelopes, and stamps.*

Editor:

I am trying to write a poem to give to the *Diamond*. If I tell you what I want to say in the poem, will you make a poem out of it for me?

Editor: *No, because then it would be my poem; not yours. I'll be glad to help you spell, punctuate, etc. I will criticize it, but I won't write it for you. Keep trying, you'll get it.*

Editor, the Diamond:

I haven't got a library book for more than two weeks now. Will you please look into this situation for me?

Editor: *Look into it yourself; at the Library.*

Editor:

I am an artist and can draw funny things. Lots of people tell me I am really good at it. Can I work for the Diamond?

Editor: *Submit some of your work, along with your name and cell location, to the Diamond box in the main corridor.*

Editor:

Will you please send me a special letter. I want to write for a job.

Editor: *See the Deputy Warden. You can do this by filling out a request form which you can obtain from the man in charge of your cell block in the evenings.*

The End

(thank goodness).

FROM THE LIBRARY

Editor's Note: The library at this institution operates almost by correspondence. An inmate desiring a book must search his catalogue for the number of that book, attach that number, along with fifty others, to his card and forward it to the library. Inmate librarian assistants then select the first number they happen across and deliver the book to the inmate's cell or dorm. The verses below were written by an anonymous library assistant who obviously got tired of searching for one or two numbers that just weren't there.

Instructions in Verse

If you look closely at your card;
Directions on the top.
State! numbers should be orderly,
And not all jumbled up.

Start with the lowest number,
And with the highest end.
If you will try and help us out,
We'll serve you well, my friend.

Now, if to this you don't agree,
Before you raise a fuss,
If books are few and far between,
For God's sake don't blame us.

Day after day you send in cards,
To get a book to read.
We've tried to do our best for you,
But now, my friend, take heed.

The numbers you have on your card,
Are very, very few,
And if you do not add some,
We can't send books to you.

So won't you take a pen in hand,
You'll see its not so hard,
To just go through your catalogue,
And put numbers on your card.

Anonymous

the

Will

to

Succeed

The prisoner's will to succeed is his door to a productive future. The prisoner's determination is the golden key that will open that door. And, the prisoner's character is the stamp of his worth; will determine whether he will realize success or failure; whether his life be endowed with purpose or with meaninglessness.

All men imprisoned for a crime contrary to the Criminal Code, and constituting an indictable offence are compelled by impulses of self preservation and self-fulfillment to survey with critical eye the perplexities of *tomorrow*. What they think now, and how they now plan will determine the esteem in which they are to be held in the eyes of the future.

It is natural that when first imprisoned a man will react with fright and frustrations; depressions ranging from bitterness to hatred, or from self-pity to despondency, but that man, if he

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YOUR FATE

WITHIN

IS SEALED

OR LOOSED

AT WILL
•

would redeem himself, can not allow these vultures to devour him. Frequently the confined man does allow these original reactions to fashion his method of daily life and ultimately his future progression, if any. This man fails.

Fecund thinking is essential to proper, sound planning. Dreamers, unless they have the ability, courage, and ambition to rein in and lead their dreams through to fruition, are pre-conceived failures, whipping themselves helplessly into unnecessary misery. They may pretend to deceive themselves, and they may truly deceive some of the men and women who people our world, but try as they might, they can never truly deceive their inner self, nor can they deceive all people. The dreamer can, as mentioned, pretend to deceive himself, but far in the inner recesses of that deep and hidden somewhere that is called by some a soul and by others a conscience, there is a detector of falsehoods that can not be fooled. And, the man who deceives himself will writhe and cringe inside, and his life will become twisted and torn and ugly to himself. Dreamers rarely succeed; planners almost invariably do!

Whether a man be confined for one or fifty years, there is a future for him; his future is him, and he is his future. That man must face his future, however grotesque it may appear, to mould it to suit himself, or to mould himself to suit it. Regardless of the nature of his crime, his educational or financial status, or his institutional assignments, that man must utilize his servitude of time constructively if ever again he expects to gain even a small measure of human dignity and self-respect.

If the man is to benefit from con-

finement, in whatever light it is seen, that man must apply the four mediums at his disposal: the will to succeed, positive thinking, determination, and the courage to withstand adversity.

In addition to these, the man must overcome certain undesirable human traits and tendencies which will be a hinderance to any meritable plan undertaken. These common traits and tendencies of which I speak are obvious characteristics of imperfection seen in others, but which are so seldom seen within the self. That man, any man, must recognize these imperfections in himself, and recognize the destructive attitude of their affliction. They are bitterness, hatred, selfpity, despondancy conceit, lethargy, and the complacency of living in the past.

Let the man be passive; go no where, do nothing, and see but himself. Soon he will not enjoy that which he sees. Let the man degenerate morally, physically, and mentally without attempts to benefit himself or his society, and it will become obvious that he becomes literally good for nothing. Or, let the man be destructive, and in time he will destroy himself. If a productive future is the desired destination of the man, he must plot a constructive course.

Man can embrace positive thinking, and possibly acquire the will to succeed. He can even overcome many repulsive traits of character. Doing these things is but a mental process that can be adopted successfully by any man of modest intelligence and inflamed ambition — and through such process, that man will discover the long hidden door of opportunity.

With such instruments, the imprisoned can gain all that he has lost, and more.

Con Thinking

by Bob Leigh

When the term *Con-Thinking* is used, it is almost invariably misconstrued, by the incarcerated, by the officials, by the members of free societies. The true, and almost unalterable meaning of *Con-thinking* is: that type of thinking and attitude which was forwarded by convicts of the past in the compiling of the outdated, and now only occasionally referred to "Prison Code."

For some unconscious reason, a minority of prison inmates still consider it a mark of strength, intelligence, and character to adhere to this immature code of pseudo-laws, thinking that by doing so they will win the high regard of their fellow inmates. These aborigines can not believe that muscle has long past been defeated by thought, or that to think for oneself is not a sin. But the basic fact remains that these persons are in a minority, where once they

were a majority, and virtually controlled the thinking and attitudes, on the surface at least, of all prisoners.

Individualism was scorned for years by society, and even in this day when the social scale no longer exists, it is not accepted as honest or honourable by many inmates. They consider that anyone who has the fortitude to defy the mob, is a non-conformist in every detailed sense of the word. The ancient system of prisoner rule which stated that: "to think as a convict means to act as a convict, and all convicts must think, and act, and believe as convicts, and not, under any circumstances, as individuals," are still the basic precepts of today's *Con-Thinker*.

To illustrate the thinking and attitudes of the indoctrined *Con-thinker*, the following hypothetical examples are submitted: A prisoner injures himself while participating in a sporting activity and, in accordance with his accepted principles, the *Con-Thinker* refuses to sympathize with the injured party for fear of committing an act of treason against the code. Instead, the *Con-Thinker* feels that he must say: "He's not hurt; he's just putting on the act," or something to this effect. Or, again, the *Con-Thinker* might say: "It couldn't have happened to anyone more deserving," or "to bad it wasn't his neck." The *Con-Thinker* may give voice to any one or all of the above, or he may improvise and add a fresh joke to this rancid collection, but of one thing we may be sure, and that is that the *Con-Thinker* will always have something to say.

As a further illustration: A Con-Thinker attends the weekly movie. Instead of sitting back and enjoying the picture, he must, he feels act in accordance with the code which would progress in the following fashion: If a dramatic scene involves the tears, pleas, or protests of a mother's, wife, sister, or lover it must be shouted down and hissed at. To accept such interpretation, or to be emotionally stirred by such things would be to reveal "weakness". When a female who might be considered to possess what is commonly referred to a "sex appeal" enters any scene, the Con-Thinker feels that it is his solemn and sworn duty to express himself by boisterous shouting, whistling, and obscene comments. Hearing the dialogue is never important to the Con-Thinker because he could rarely understand it if he could hear it, and to show consideration for others who might be interested in the dialogue is something that never enters his mind; one, because he does not appreciate it and he cannot begin to understand why anyone else should appreciate it, and two, because a Con Thinker would not appreciate the scene and everyone who is not a Con-Thinker is not really important to him.

Another place where the ignorance of the Con-Thinker makes itself evident is in the television rooms. He demands complete silence when programmes of his preference are on, but when a programme is voted in that is not to his particular liking, the Con-Thinker will slouch back and literally roar for a re-vote, blabbering that the show in question has been seen be-

fore. When this anthropoidal procedure fails to produce his desired results, his interest immediately moves on, and he will talk loudly, make a general nuisance of himself, and belch forth his own particular brand of critical and condemning laughter which he directs at the programme being watched. That he is being inconsiderate of his fellows is one thought that never enters his mind, until perhaps someone knocks it in with a severe series of left hooks.

Now, old Joe Blow is a faithful and trusted Con-Thinker. He might or might not be considered a regular guy by the majority of the population, or he may be considered an idiot, depending solely upon the amount of Con-Thinkers who inhabit the surroundings. Supposing that Joe Blow were in a Con-Thinking environment, and he told his fellow Con Thinkers that another prisoner was "no good". Joe Blow's word would be accepted as law and henceforth, the inmate in question is labelled "no good", regardless of how good the inmate may prove to be.

Because he will not or can not adjust himself properly to a normal healthy society, and because he is seemingly unable to stay out of prison, the Con-Thinker believes that anyone else who expresses a sincere desire to become a law-abiding citizen upon release, is "no good". It is hard to believe that so few inmates are able to think and act for themselves, or to have the courage to stand by their own convictions. This in essence, is what they require if they are to live a fruitful life, here or in a free society.

Flowers

make Friends . . .

Few of nature's creations are more fascinatingly indicative of the beauty in a life than the flower; any flower. They help to make the earth or any part thereof a brighter and friendlier place for people. They add an exotic colour and beauty to almost any setting.

These creatures of nature are often prompted, guided, and even controlled by the gentle and understanding hands of man. At this institution the man who belongs to such hands is Mr. Watkins who has been the gardener and greenhouse supervisor for more than a year now.

On almost any and every day this man can be seen carrying several potted plants in one direction or another across the dark, dry, and unfriendly face of this place we call penitentiary, and home. Trailing behind Mr. Watkins there are usually three or four inmates also carrying plants. These are his proteges.

Where are they going? They are going to collect withered plants, replacing them with fresh and fleshy new ones. Quietly, and seemingly unconcerned with the plots and counterplots in the world around them, the gardeners go about their business, doing their job, and moving on to the next. They are rarely noticed by the people they serve.

Under the supervision of Mr. Watkins, the greenhouse workers have a great opportunity to learn the elements of gardening, which, by the way, is a fascinating and profitable business. The greenhouse workers are taught how to plant flowers, spacing them, according to their type, at regular intervals. They are taught the applications of the various fertilizers, and they are taught to care for and repair these flowers, in addition to gardens, rock gardens, sunken gardens, and surrounding grounds. Included in their regular summer work is the care of the Area Headquarters

garden and grounds, care of the Warden's and Deputy Warden's gardens and grounds, care of the farm proper and the farm camp, and care of the large institution garden and grounds which is situated immediately in front of the penitentiary. In addition to this, the gardeners supply all offices, departments, and shops with potted plants, replenishing the stock whenever necessary.

In winter, the gardeners plant different flowers from seeds and bulbs. They observe and cultivate these in preparation for the following spring and summer. At this time they learn to regulate the heat, to space plants, to use properly the different fertilizers and germicides, and how to seal and wrap bulbs.

The inmates, in addition to gaining the above-mentioned practical experience, may further their learning via

books. Mr. Watkins has available two gardening encyclopedias, various editions concerned with gardening and the care of plants, up to date catalogues, and the most recent gardening bulletins. The inmates are permitted to peruse or study these whenever they like. In this way, any inmate desirous of learning sufficiently to compete as a gardener in society, may do so.

In case someone might be curious as to the type of flowers grown at the greenhouse, here is a greatly condensed list: geraniums, gardenias, marigolds, petunias, nasturtiums, amaryllis, allysiums, African Violets, zinnias, azalias, gladiola, and snap dragons. There are many others which we might have mentioned if Mr. Watkins hadn't interrupted the interview to ramble off in search of sick plants to be doctored or replaced.

A Sunday school teacher once asked her students how many wanted to go to heaven. All but one child raised hands. "Don't you want to go to heaven, Johnny?" she asked.

"Yeah," replied Johnny, "but I thought maybe you were making up a load for today."

* * * *

"What's a polygon?"

"A dead parot, stupid!"

"Madam," said the man standing in the aisle of a crowded bus, "you're standing on my foot."

"Then why don't you put it where it belongs, stupid!" she replied.

"Don't tempt me madam," was the man's comeback.

* * * *

He: "Pardon me, but you look like Helen Green."

She: "I look worse in pink."

a Silly

Little Ditty

The Bumble Bee,
He said to me:
There's honey in yon hollow tree;
Enough for you and I, and we
Should creep upon it tenderly.

He lept,
I crept,
But not adept,
I was inept,
And Stumbled.

The tree, said he,
Is but a tree,
With honey there for you and me.
Said I to he, I cannot see
Why we must creep so tenderly.

Then to the tree,
Went he with me,
Until we see the angry bee.
My friend he left; was swift to flee;
No longer did he think of *we*.
Too late for me to think of me,
At last I understand and see,
While soothing a very swollen me,
Why we did creep so tenderly.

Who's Who?

by Bubbles

Last month the Diamond asked a prominent figure in the institution to select inmates for their fine performances in sporting activities, and other inmates for their natural or affected ideosyncracies, by which they are known.

The idea for this type of survey was borrowed from the Paahao Press.

Best Looking	Jimmy Fisher
Best Personality	George Preston
Best Athlete	Ernie Coates
Best Cook	Ken Dufty
Best Dressed	Eddy Judge
Best Baseball Player	Bruce Pierce
Worst Baseball Player	"Milky"
Best Football Player	Harvey Babin
Worst Football Player	Larry Vantour
Best Basketball Player	Ernie Coates
Worst Basketball Player	Pete Berretti
Best Soccer Player	Martin Pilnaczek
Worst Soccer Player	Joe McKeown

Who's Who?

Best Baseball Manager	Bruce Beechener
Worst Baseball Manager	No Comment
Biggest Feet	Tiny McDougall
Biggest Head	John Grabouski
Biggest Nose	Cyrano De Bergerac
Biggest Jaw	No Comment! (?)
Biggest Mouth	Frank Zigmond
Biggest Ears	Ted Hucker
Biggest Story Teller	Norm Powers
Champion Liar	Alec "The Hog" O'Niel
Most Mysterious	Jack Sharpe
Greatest Dancer	Davey Crockatt
Greatest Hunter	James McNeil
Greatest Lover	Gibby Gibson
Most Popular	Jimmy Armour
Most Studios	George Deitsch
Most Intelligent	Jimmy Fisher
Most Comical	Bobby Greer
Most Ambitious	Bubby Francis
Most Romantic	Dick Green
The Oldest	Percy Smith
The Youngest	Billy Hardman
The Laziest	Hillman
The Skinniest	Dave Crockatt
The Fattest	Bill MacIsaac
The Tallest	Don Irwin
The Shortest	Harvey Babin
Sloppiest Dresser	Pete Madden
Quietest	Fred Morton
Hungriest	Doug Marsden
Thirstiest	Don Stovell
Nosiest	Me!

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Your last issue, in which the humour was a little thick and sick, was still, in my opinion, one of your better efforts. I have been reading your magazine for several years now, and thought that your last Profile (number 4) was extremely interesting; the best I've seen. Hoping this dollar will keep me on your mailing list,

I remain,

Yours truly,

Mr. C. Meirson

Editor's Note: *The dollar certainly will keep you with us; thanks for the boost also.*

Dear Sir:

We enjoy your magazine very much, especially the Profile. I liked the story *Then and Now* by Percy H. Smith in the big one, and would like to read more from or about him. My wife and I wonder (actually its her, not me) if the inmates enjoy the magazine too?

Anyway, keep them coming.

Yours sincerely,

Mr.&Mrs. Joe Uberto

Dear Ed:

I'll give you a buck anytime for the Diamond. I don't read it much, must confess, but get a real charge out of the covers. They're great. Who does them? I see you don't have an artist anymore.

Harry Lofquiat

Editor's Note: *The covers were all drawn and cut by Ed Emsley. Although he is no longer with us, he left us enough to finish out the year for which I am extremely thankful.*

Dear Sirs:

Your last issue was swell. With guys like you on the rampage, how can society miss getting the message? I read the Diamond from cover to cover. Don't pass anything, and I think you guys have got something. Thanks for the renewal notice. I should've mailed you the money long ago. Best wishes.

Norm McLean

Dear Sirs:

The Diamond is a very nice magazine. I had no idea there even was such a magazine until I picked one up at my brother's house. I am enclosing a dollar for a magazine that I consider to be well worth it.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Ruth Hanna.

Dear Editor:

Enjoyed the last *two* volumes most of all. They were really superb. Everything was very nice, but I was disappointed to see very little fiction. However poems were nice, and the story about *Parole And The Police* was very true. I read with interest the report on *Public Attitudes*, and never thought about this much myself, but I don't think I would have any objection to having an inmate work with me or live beside me.

Give my best to the men who work with you,

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) T. Marie Cartier

Dear Editor:

Your last two issues have been the best yet, I think. The magazine seems to be getting better and better all the time. Accept my cheque for renewal, and lots of luck to all the fellows.

Lillian Walton

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a dollar for renewal. Am still enjoying the *Diamond*. Lots of luck for the future.

Truly,

Pat Morrison

Dear Editor:

Thought your combined issue was excellent. Enjoyed the "Day in the Life..." very much. Also both Reports from Lex Schrag, and "Then and Now". Jokes always get me too. Lots of luck to you.

Truly,
Ed Koenig

Dear Editor:

I have just received Volumes 4, 5, & 6 of the *Diamond*. I have read nearly all of them, and find the material very interesting.

My main reason, I suppose, for getting this magazine is because my husband is serving a term in Collin's Bay, but after reading these magazines, my reason has changed. The articles I enjoyed reading most were "Profile", "Soft Thoughts", and the poems. Some of them are really sentimental and I think they really must hit home.

Well, so long, and you can be sure that I'll be a faithful reader. Keep up the good work.

A reader of the *Diamond*.
(Mrs.) Edith D.

Dear Gentlemen:

At first glimpse your magazine is entertaining, containing somewhat of a unique view of things, especially those things close to you. However, I think that you are neglecting the entertainment in your seriousness. Humour, fiction, a personality here and there — people want to be entertained, not lectured.

Think about it. Not wishing to be a bear, I sign off and shut up,

Yours truly,
H. E. Loew